



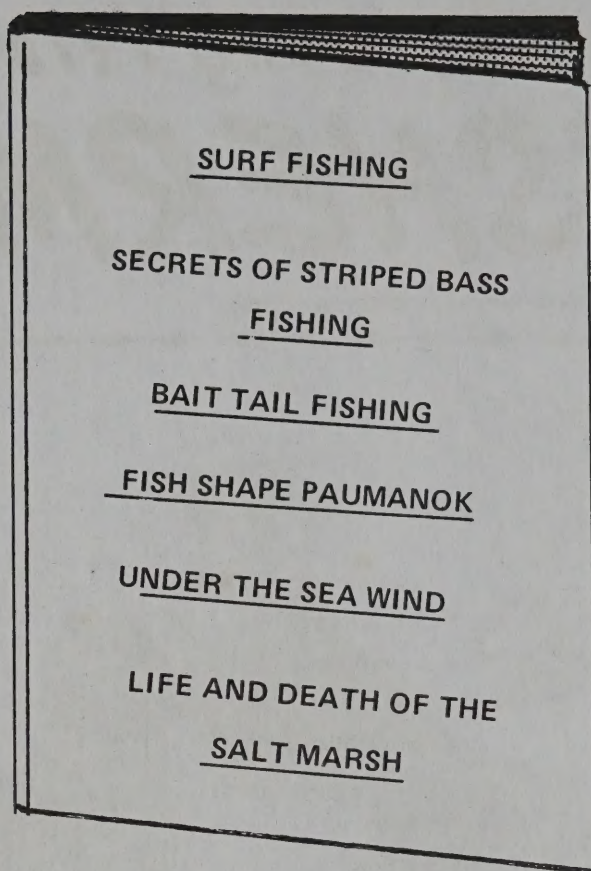
The Long Island **FISHERMAN**

JANUARY 11th, ISSUE NO. 2, 1973



WINTER READING

VG



NOT HAVING READ any books on fishing yet (could this be part of my problem?), I have heard enough praise of the following fishing books to share with you that I might finally read these three (3) this winter, if time permits.

SURF FISHING, by Vlad Evanoff. Can anyone doubt the value of reading any book by this great Long Island fisherman who started in the surf of Breezy Point and the Rockaways . . . As Vlad said to me in a letter this year: "I feel that if my book "Surf Fishing" made only one kid take up the sport and become a better human being . . . it was all worthwhile." - That's enough for me to most confidently recommend this work of Vlad's to you. Easy to remember the name! Surf Fishing.

SECRETS OF STRIPED BASS FISHING, by Milt Rosko. Published by Macmillan. Under the Light at Montauk after only two years of fishing, Ted Shaine of Manhattan caught a 40-pounder last June. Though Ted thanked me much for my technical info on Montauk and for the in-general inspiration of my column, Ted also cited this book as being very helpful to him. I therefore pass it on to you - recommending the chapters devoted to surf and jetty fishing. The rest of it is between yourself and good Milt Rosko.

And if you get intrigued over (for example) clam chumming for stripers: keep it a **SECRET**. I don't want to hear about it!

BAIT TAIL FISHING; Al Reinfelder. Recently, ex-shore fisherman Al described this solitary book of his as a "non-best seller." Considering what today's plethora of mindless "best-sellers" are, those stupid novels and nearly everything else from the pulp mills: Al's description of his book should in itself inspire the suspicion that it is very, very worthwhile reading. Are not the articles that we get from Al very informative? And lastly, it would be crazy indeed to go on casting and casting without ever reading the book written by a master of jigging and of bridge-fishing; even though Al himself sometimes gets caught trolling bunker spoons. How could you forget the name, Bait Tail Fishing. (No, NOT fishing for bait tails; fishing for stripers WITH bait tails and other jigs.) A.S. Barnes and Co. \$6.95

OTHER BOOKS. The following books I have read. They might seem, to some people, to have nothing to do with fishing. However -

FISH SHAPE PAUMANOK; Robert Cushman Murphy. This thin book of 60 reading pages with fine drawings and photos, composed of brief chapters,

is a jewel of Long Island lore. Paumanok is our island's Indian name. The author, a distinguished naturalist is from the western part called Brooklyn, and for a long time a resident of Setauket on the north . . . Here is the basic, touching and slightly angry story of nature and man on Paumanok. The glacier; whales and seals and Indians; settlers ("Christians, so-called") and even rattlesnakes; magnificent vegetation on the "Isle of sweet brooks of drinking water"; Paumanok's rivers were full of sturgeon and Atlantic salmon; mossbunker, like Brooklyn, is a Dutch word; Walt Whitman; Robert Moses and more of today and of yesterday - 60 pages! Read it. And you may find indirectly more reason for being a 'surf nut': simply, that you are not the one who is really nuts. Published by the American Philosophical Society, 104 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia 6, Pa. \$3.00 . . . My copy I purchased in The Corner Book Store, on-the corner of 25A and Nichols Rd., in Setauket (751-1904). Not sure where else you can get this other non-best seller.

UNDER THE SEA WIND; Rachel Carson; New American Library (pocket book, 95¢). The fish hawk; the 8000 mile migration twice yearly, of the sanderling: from South America to the Arctic; the plovers that we can see on Cedar Beach; the mackerel's life story; the **INCREDIBLE** life-story of the eel; the mullet; the deep sea, the shores, and the skies: "the habits and habitats of myriad sea life in the hauntingly beautiful prose" of Rachel Carson, who wrote this book (1941) Before Pollution. So it is sheer joy to read. After this you can read, Silent Spring, by the same author; for which you need a strong stomach. Carson's famous, The Sea Around Us, did somehow become a best seller.

LIFE AND DEATH OF THE SALT MARSH; J. and M. Teal; an Audubon/Ballantine Book, N.Y.; pocketbook \$1.25 . . . Everything Reinfelder said it would be. This great book gives the whole detailed story of our unique marshes in extremely readable form. My own sub-title: 'Another reason to hate power-boats and land-development, so called.'

For now, good reading.

In a few weeks more, good casting.



The Long Island FISHERMAN

THE LARGEST WEEKLY GUIDE FOR FISHERMEN IN THE N.Y. AREA



VOL. 8, NO. 2

JANUARY 11, 1973

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FRONT PAGE PHOTO

Arthur Ulrich of New Hyde Park and Charles Greenblatt of Hempstead hold two nice codfish, caught while fishing aboard the open boat "Ginnie Mae." Photo by Dick Mermon.

THE BRIDGE THREAT

The only public hearings for the Rye-Oyster Bay Bridge currently scheduled are those listed below:

Daytime sessions begin at 10:00 A.M., and evening sessions at 7:00 P.M. Locations and dates are as follows:

LONG ISLAND - January 15, 1973
C.W. Post College, Long Island University, North Hempstead Turnpike, Route 25A, Brookville, Long Island.

WESTCHESTER - January 17, 1973
Westchester County Center, Central Park Avenue, Route 119, White Plains, New York.

According to a recent newspaper article, over \$400,000 in fines and taxes were paid to the Ecuador government for the release of six (6) U.S. tuna boats who violated that country's 200 mile fishing limit. According to that same article, a total of 19 American vessels were captured in two (2) weeks of November. The fines and taxes are paid for by the boat owners and then these boat owners are reimbursed by our government. Now ain't that a kick in the teeth.

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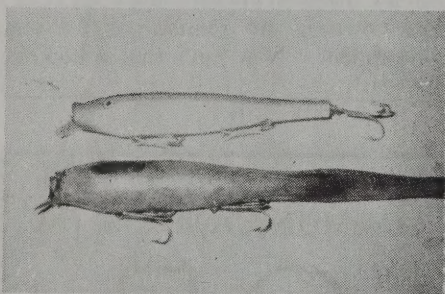
770 Shore Walk
Ft. of Lake St.,
off Wellwood Ave.
Lindenhurst Ph. 884-7171

Strictly Casting

— By Vince Guaglianone —

IN FISHING there is a certain kind of wealth which we never expected to find when we first started out. Even the masters of very particular techniques of fishing scarcely think of their mastery as a boon that they got from the sport. But they who are masters, and near-masters of very specialized techniques do enjoy this wealth of personal development. They have mastered very special sets of things which a fisherman finds. When you find these things it feels as though they belong to you especially.

Don Miller, for one example. He had a thing with eel-skin plugs. It was not just that he often caught big bass; but the way it often seemed so 'easy' for him to get the fish. Rich Reina tells, "it was almost instinctive."



The eel-skin plug is very effective. But in the hands of some it is extremely effective. This means a mastery of the particular sets of things involved in the use of this bait. And it does not mean just the techniques of rigging, casting and retrieving . . . One time, Don told me that he did not like that certain beach on Martha's Vineyard. He did not care to hear how productive that sand beach is, with its very steep and strong surf. It is a 'plain' beach. - "Show me a rock," Don said in his emphatic way - "just show me one rock, and I'll hang the bass." - Don's specialty (on Long Island) was catching big stripers in the bouldery waters of the north shore on eel-skin plugs; before he went down to Florida (taking almost all the fish with him, apparently).

When Al Reinfelder and Lou Palma were first developing their now-famous Alou baits, they used to cast from flat-water banks and ocean jetties. And they also got into a very particular thing of sticking pigs from bridges. In addition to this refinement of 'bridge

HOW RICH IT IS



Plug and jig at rest; third rod for "ling-jerking."

fishing,' they contributed much to the overall technique of jigging; which Reinfelder set forth in his book on the bait-tail. (If you get hold of Reinfelder's book, you might see in detail an example of what I mean by mastery.)

Another fisherman who eventually went over to boats, Mickey Chiarenza, he could give you a whole fascinating story of the stages through which he developed the Tri Fin lures . . . But in this matter of Alous and Tri Fins, I am not referring just to the skills and inventiveness in designing and making a lure. What I mean to stress is the concomitant and 'silent' habit of observation; being observant of conditions and focussing on special sets of conditions. Chiarenza for example, who scores well, is very concerned about what the fish are feeding on while he hunts them. In his experience, the size and color of the lure as well as the speed of retrieve must be as close as possible to what the gamefish are feeding on. But for Don Miller, this was not of prime importance! In Miller's approach the fish could just be resting, not feeding at all; but his eel-skin plugs plus that "one rock" and other factors worked to take big ones. Reinfelder also, when plugging, he leans more toward finely aggravating the souls of the gamefish rather than trying to activate their stomach juices . . .

This summer a Montauk surfman, Jerry Ross, wrote me telling that he

catches stripers on metal jigs during dark nights. Never have I caught any fish on a metal jig in a dark night. But this fall, Charlie Graves and Dave Bruetsch told me that they caught plenty of weaks, and also fluke! - on metal jigs one night! (They had caught many weaks other nights on the Shrimp Tout.) But that night (or nights) along an inlet those metal jigs had to be retrieved above the bottom to get the snapping fluke!

There is a mode of surfcasting which I disdained, until recently. Casting cut bait. After boyhood-fishing, out of a growing love to catch gamefish on jigs and especially plugs and finally only in the surf: I never developed in the techniques of casting bait for gamefish in the surf . . . The thing about bait-slinging is that, though very productive, it did not seem to me to be too sporting. But apart from the fact that different persons have a different 'feel' for different things, it is also true for many reasons that "ling jerking" belongs fully to the richness of shore fishing. The best words that I heard expressive of its particular excellence, are the words of that best bait caster I ever met: Bob Black of Somerville, Massachusetts. You may remember the name from my last Vineyard write-up. We were on that Vineyard beach (disliked by Don Miller) and I was talking, of course, about plugging. This is what Bob Black said.

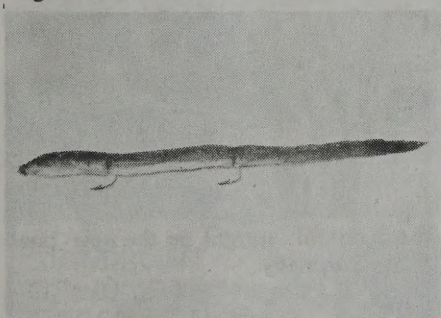
"People think it's easy to catch fish on bait. Well it's not easy. We put a lot of effort into it. The bait has got to be fresh and we go to Menemsha Harbor every few nights to jig the squid and jig the mackerel, and it's not easy. Then we've got to get all the way back here and keep the bait fresh in those containers . . . We don't like frozen bait.

"The bait has to go on the hook, properly . . . Most years we have to cast out there at least 200, 250 feet. This year it happens the trough is only about 50 feet out, and you don't want to cast much further than that. But if the wind's in your face strong, you have to slice triangles (the mackerel) . . . If the squid are big I like to use just the head and tentacles. With small squid I like 'em whole.

"I don't like those soupy rods they sell today. My Supercuttys are old, twenty years old and they're stiff rods. I don't need to have the rod dipping in front of me while the sinker's still behind me on the cast. That's no good at all. I cast a 6-ounce sinker, almost all the time. If I go down an ounce, why, I think I've got nothing on at all . . .

"You've got to know the winds on this Island . . . You've got to realize that the baitfish (alive in the water) swim up-current along the shore."

Are you 'reading' this article? Do you catch what I mean about fishing - How rich it is.



There is a great surfman here on Long Island and his name is Al Benson. Like Frank Dagnault up in Rhody, Al has beached four 50-pound stripers. All on rigged eels. Three of them up in Cape Cod; one down here. You should hear Al Benson describe his part of this rich sport. What is so interesting to me, again, is that Benson fastens on a completely different set of conditions in the surf, in order to work his enormous rigged eels. He wants a very distinctive set of conditions in the surf. He wants a surf "that won't tumble the eel." A

deep but mild surf. And in relation to the shore, there are very particular winds that he looks for. The value of the winds are not just to help the cast, but to keep those deep troughs of the Cape-surf from filling in with sand. Also the equipment is very special: the revolving-spool reel and a heavy, stiff stick, not just to handle the fat pigs but to feel that slightest 'tap' when the cow picks up the rigged eel on the micron line. "The guys (casting rigged eels) with the spinning outfits and mono, too often they don't feel the fish and they miss it." - But as for casting the rigged eels out on our south shore jetties and from the slight surf beaches: " . . . it's the most athletic part of the sport, of the whole of fishing; and it's dying." - Yet Al is convinced that this is the most productive technique of sticking pigs. - "When you get a big fish on a plug, it's mostly luck, or an exceptional run, or there's a lot of big baitfish in the water." - He does not look for baitfish in the water, but he has observed that for a particular famous Long Island shore, the presence of Calico crab is very important for his incredible successes with the rigged eels!

Meanwhile, Rhody's Frank Dagnault beached his four 50s on live eels and plugs (I don't know how many of the four, on which).

This fall at Cedar Beach at night Al Benson and I were both casting live eels to the bottom - "ling jerking" - because Al was advised by his physician to take it easy for a while, owing to a temporary ailment. One night I asked his opinion regarding a rig for the live eel. - "I'm not sure, Vinnie," he replied; "I haven't fished live eels much."

Do you see with what caution the master of one technique of fishing approaches another technique. And you might imagine that there is not much difference between fishing live eels from the shore, and fishing rigged ones. But there is a great difference. And it belongs to Al Benson to tell us a little of it, if he will.

And we would be lucky to hear from another great sportsman of Long Island, a master of my favorite mode: plugging. This of course would be that legendary surfman of Montauk, 'The Professor,' Jack Frech.

For now, let's look briefly at what seems to be the bases (more than one basis) of this richness to shore fishing. When I spoke to Bob Black

about Narragansett (and even about the northwest coast of the Vineyard), and also Montauk and Point Judith: Bob agreed that he could not fish cut bait so effectively on such rocky coasts, as on a deep sandy beach. Neither could Al Benson (Al admitted) work his rigged eels too well in rocky surfs like Point Judith and Montauk. In this we see again that the nature of the coast calls out the particular mode of shore fishing. At the same time, the nature of the particular man inclines him toward one or, at most perhaps, two of the modes of surf fishing. We find in ourselves which techniques we like the best and what we can best do. And we find this thorough much time and long experience. But, as Al Benson said (to my relief): "You cannot master them all."

Finally, behind the nature of the coast and behind what we have in ourselves, there is the central basis for the wealth of development and enjoyments that await us. The fish itself. The wonderful striped bass. It is this marvelous species of fish in all its numbers, its versatility and unpredictability, its size and strength and peculiar 'glamor,' that calls out in the fisherman all the varieties of technique that can become personal.

To achieve a mastery in fishing need not become your objective. The masters did not even set out consciously to do this. Mastery is certainly not a duty in fishing. Even without considering it, fishing remains rich enough to be fun, and relaxing, and helpful to the person in many healthy ways. And there is much expertise that many can casually build up through the years, without ever specializing; and they do well.

But it is my obligation here to point out that this other factor, specialized mastery, is also a possibility even in fishing . . . Even in fishing? Mastery of a highly personal technique with special equipment, involving bodily performance and also thought, and all through the observation of wild nature: such a classical thing is hardly possible for anything else But Fishing, nowadays.



**LITTER
CAUSES
CLOSED BEACHES!**
Don't be a litterbug.

DRIFT FISHING

By Don Vetter

THE SIBILANT TUNE of the bow wave was all I could clearly hear; up forward, the thunder of the diesels was muted to a low rumble. Vaca Cut was far behind us now, and the turquoise waters of the shallows had given way to that unbelievable cobalt blue of the open sea in the tropics. Flying fish skimmed along ahead of the ship, keeping pace, then pulling far ahead of the "Marathon Lady." They sailed along, inches above the water, for hundreds of feet before slipping back beneath the surface. The Hawk Channel, and Sombrero Light were fast dropping astern.

At last, as the engines slowed, stopped, and then went astern, as the anchor dropped down into the depths on Captain Bill Brown's chosen fishing grounds, the contradiction in terms struck me. Most Florida party or open boats are referred to as 'drift fishing' boats; yet from what I have observed, the bulk of the fishing they do is done at anchor. When chumming commenced, the difference from the Long Island style of lading aromatic and sloppy ground mossbunker, mixed with seawater, was more than apparent. A neat block of frozen chum was placed in a mesh bag and lowered from the stern, to be given an occasional shake by the mate.

The lean, energetic skipper, with his ever-present pipe and sunglasses, his skin weathered to the hue of old mahogany, had descended from the wheelhouse to oversee the activity. His beetle-browed, taciturn mate, called 'big' Bill, a quiet bear of a man, was assisting the first timers with their terminal rigging. Many of the fares were already lowering rigs of heavy egg sinkers, strung on the line like beads, and baited with large cut-baits or live grunts into the mysterious depths below. The grunts we had caught earlier at an inshore reef and these we placed in the live well to tempt big snapper and mighty grouper (not to mention an occasional big shark or stingray) from their bottom-haunts. These fishermen were using heavy boat rods and conventional reels, as large as 6/0.

Though many of the regulars, and most of the tourists opted for bottom fishing, many others (myself among them) elected to fish the top, with medium weight spinning tackle. My 8 foot spin stick and 401 Rumer reel,

filled with 12 pound Ande, was a bit on the light side, even among this latter group. I affixed an 8 inch bally-hoo (balao, or halfbeak) to the double 6/0 hooks on a 3 foot wire leader. The barrel swivel, which joined the rig to the line was painted black (bright finished swivels are a no-no; many toothy gamesters strike at the flashing swivel, and cut the line). I dropped the unweighted bait astern, and with open bail awaited results as the line slowly payed out.

King mackerel (or kingfish) is the mainstay for party boat top water fishing down here. These lean, steely blue and silver gamesters restlessly roam the seas, and their movements from day to day and week to week are hard to predict. The toothy predators run best in the Keys area during the winter months, and fight in somewhat the same manner as do big blues back home. Size is the big difference; 6 to 12 pound kings are common (and often scornfully referred to by old hands as 'snakes'), but fish upwards of 50 pounds are taken from time to time (imagine a 50 pound bluefish, if you will).

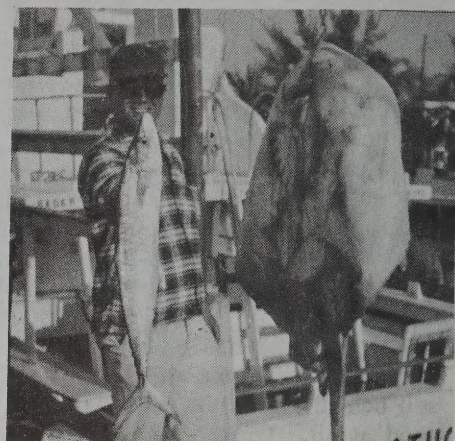
Though bally-hoo on 3 foot wire leads were long the favorite king-takers, local sharpies some years back discovered that a big live shrimp on a smaller hook and shorter leader (10 to 12 inches), was much more effective for the school kingfish. Those who fish this way buy their shrimp before boarding the head boats, then drop the shrimp-car into the boat's live well to keep them healthy. While shrimp are number one on almost every Florida fish's diet (the natives call shrimp 'the dessert'), a live blue runner (which can be a lot of fun to catch on small jigs, by the way) is the best bait to use if a really big king is your aim.

There is one reason why I prefer bally-hoo on a long wire lead; though not common, big game, including wahoo (a king mackerel look-alike, and one of the fastest fish that swim), dolphin (the fish that is and not the mammal, whose proper name is porpoise), and even the storied sailfish, may be caught aboard Florida party boats. These fish have no interest whatsoever in live shrimp.

As the bottom fishermen began to bring in snapper and grouper, and those fishing shrimp on the top started



Charter and open boats, Chesapeake Dock, Islamorada.



King mackerel; sting ray in background; typical drift fishing mixed bag.



The 2 dolphin caught on the open boat "Marathon Lady."



Fish cleaning attracts an audience hungry pelicans.

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FISH & GAME NOTES

BY FRED
GUARDINEER

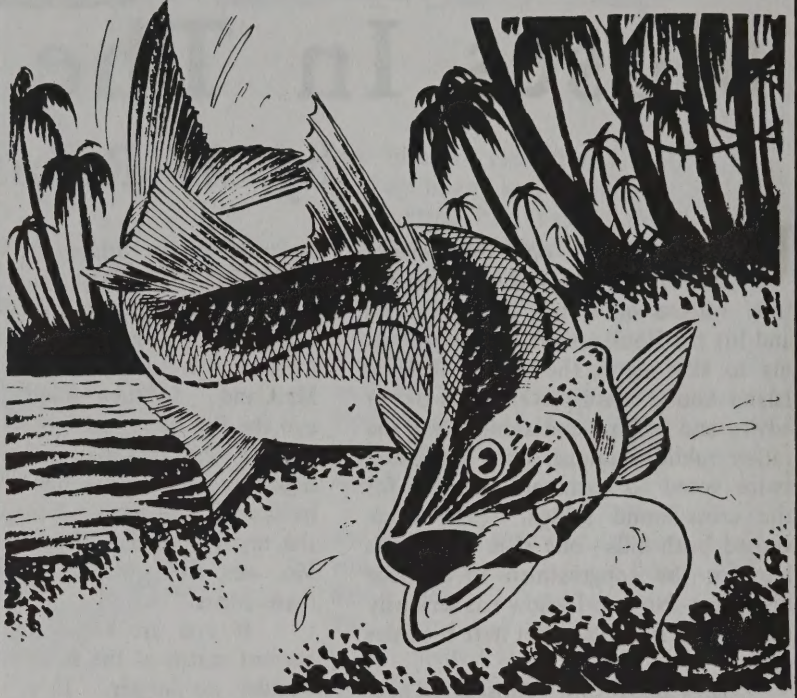
THE HUGE 400 LB. WILD BOAR OF AMERICA WAS INTRODUCED FROM EUROPE INTO THE GREAT SMOKIE MOUNTAINS. EXTREMELY POWERFUL AND VICIOUS, HUNTING THEM CALLS FOR SKILL AND STAMINA.



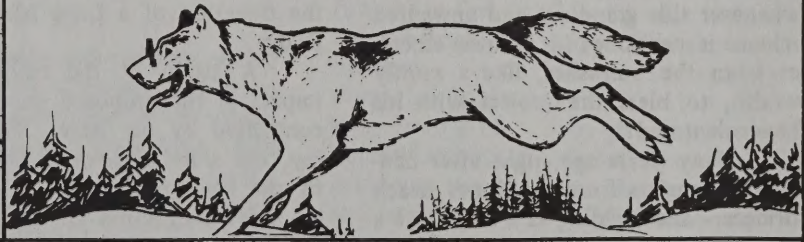
MUSKRATS HAVE MULTIPLIED SO RAPIDLY IN HOLLAND THAT THEY ARE DAMAGING THE COUNTRY'S DIKES WITH THEIR BURROWS. THE NETHERLANDS GOVERNMENT IS TRYING TO PERSUADE THE PUBLIC TO EAT THEM. A CLEAN TIDY VEGETARIAN, IT IS ESTEEMED AS "MARSH HARE" IN LOUISIANA, U.S.A.



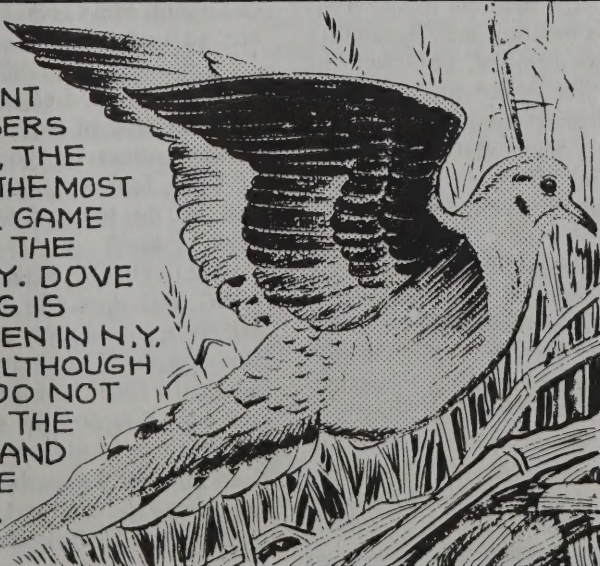
THE TACKLE BUSTING SNOOK IS PRIZED BY ANGLERS WHO GO SOUTH TO FISH FLORIDA WATERS. IT PREFERS SURFACE LURES AND CHARGES THE BAIT WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH.



WOLVES SERVE A USEFUL PURPOSE BY REMOVING OLD, SICK AND LAME ANIMALS FROM HERDS OF DEER, MOOSE AND ELK, PROMOTING THE EVOLUTION OF STRONGER SURVIVORS.



FROM THE STANDPOINT OF NUMBERS BAGGED, THE DOVE IS THE MOST POPULAR GAME BIRD IN THE COUNTRY. DOVE HUNTING IS VERBODEN IN N.Y. STATE ALTHOUGH 90% DO NOT SURVIVE THE SEASON AND COULD BE GUNNED.



A BULL MOOSE ATTAINS A WEIGHT OF 1400 LBS. AND EATS 40 TO 60 LBS. OF FOOD DAILY TO MAKE IT.





Moses In The Bulrushes

by Al Reinfelder

UNAWARE that only one person, even in biblical history, has successfully walked on water, Robert Moses and his pal Rock are once again preparing to skip across the waters of Long Island Sound against everyone's better advice and recommendations. Even the rather rubber-stampish state legislature twice voted to terminate all plans for the cross-Sound bridge. (The Rock vetoed both bills - one after it was too late for the congressmen to override his veto.) No one I know has seriously backed this span plan. Yet here it comes again.

How does Robert Moses, the now senile, self-appointed Grand Architect of All of Long Island (and of as much of the rest of the world as possible) get involved in this on-again, off-again bridge business anyway? Why is it that whenever this grandiose and unwanted scheme is mentioned his holiness emerges from the bulrushes, like a saintly wraith, to bless the project with his benevolent nod?

Many years ago, right after banning all anglers from the Jones Beach Bridges - and building as a substitute a few piers over infertile water - Good Old Bob decided that he would share the blessings of his Beach (Jones) with the citizens of Westchester County, upstate New York and Connecticut. (Won't it be great when everyone in the USA can be transported to Jones Beach on weekends.) Since most people were then still unable to walk on the waters, Big Bob designed himself a bridge from Rye to Bayville along with a neat spaghetti-network of roads, clover-leaves, over-passes, under-passes, service roads, interchanges and right-of-ways to get the happy motorist from the bridge to the beach.

Profit-programmed planners among the mighty councils of Long Island Establishments rallied to Moses' Movement when they saw the tremendous

potential of the bridge for MORE DEVELOPMENT. Their hungry mouths could hardly produce enough saliva to express their passion for increased commercial interchange with the American Mainland. In their mind's demented eye the Big Boys saw motels and shopping centers, factories and gas stations, high-risers and more banks than ever before. It was the road to paradise for the myopic leaders of local enterprise. Mo was the spiritual leader of the materialists.

If you are wondering what the current status of the Bridge Scheme is, wonder no longer. It is very much alive, and as well as a near sighted pit viper. Despite the double defeat of the plan by your elected representatives in Albany, plans and studies and necessary legal moves go ahead full steam in the direction of a Long Island Sound Bridge.

A study of the environmental impact of the proposed span has been completed by the state. Needless to say, the state poo-pooed any damage to the environment by the bridge or by its construction or by its roads, despite that fact that the report itself was forced to mention such apparently minor matters as noise, pollution, air pollution, water pollution, marshland destruction, habitat reduction, and town disturbances. Such matters as visual aberration and effect on Long Island growth and development were not even mentioned.

(Visual esthetics were undoubtedly not thought worthy of consideration since Saint Robert had already expressed himself of the subject, saying that the bridge would be like a "gossamer thread of silver" across the waters of Long Island Sound. Since growth and development are still thought to be good things by MANY IGNORANT PEOPLE, this part of the bridge effects was left out entirely. As a matter of

fact, the effect of the bridge on the industrial and residential burden of Nassau and Suffolk Counties is the paramount reason for opposing this bridge. Already at the brink of total degeneration into urban deformation, decay, water shortage and pollution, this bridge would end all hope for the Island's future as a pleasant place for people to live and visit.)

An official notice to mariners has been issued by the U.S. Coast Guard for a preliminary review of proposed bridge alignments across Long Island Sound. (Public Notice 3-156, 18 December 1972.) **ALL BOATMEN SHOULD SEND FOR THIS NOTICE AND RESPOND IN WRITING PRIOR TO FEBRUARY 1, 1973.** Write for your copy of the public notice no. 3-156, U.S. Coast Guard, Governors Island, N.Y., N.Y. 10004.

In this document you will find six (count 'em!) versions of the Rye-Oyster Bay Bridge, all six or seven miles of them (depending on the version), with its 1,200 foot main span at a minimum height of 135 foot clearance, and its various arms and branches over Oak Point, Mill Creek, Oyster Bay, etc., etc., ad nauseum.

Want to fight it? Tired of the endless blasting, dredging, concretizing, filling, killing of every last vestige of natural loveliness on "your" island? Sick of being told what is really good for you by the likes of St. Bob and the Rock of Ages?

Ask **CITIZENS FOR SOUND PLANNING**, P.O. Box 634, Rye, New York 10580 to send you their fact filled fliers on this ill-conceived plan. Learn about the financial folly involved; find out how you and the other taxpayers of this state will have to shell out at least one-half Billion dollars by the time it is finished; find out why the bridge will IN NO WAY lessen the traffic on

Continued on Page 18

Rx
DR. Roccus Saxatilis

THE CURE

ONE FISHING TRIP PER
WEEK OR AS OFTEN AS
NECESSARY

(NOT TO EXCEED ONE
TRIP PER DAY)

by
STU (BAD WINDS) MILLER



me, he was a close friend. I had to try to help in any way I could; to try and help bring him back. We'd fished together a few times and I figured this would be the best therapy that I, as a layman, could offer. At my urging and insistence, we went an average of once a week all that summer, and all through that year, and into the following summer. This was all on party boats, skiffs with outboard, and just a little jetty fishing.

From blowfish and flounder, fluke and blackfish, right through blues, bass, cod and whiting, we went fishing. We didn't stop. I wouldn't let us stop. The strains and anxieties he labored under, melted away from the start of each trip to its finish. Other factors such as time, family, etc. helped bring him back to his old self too, but those days of small talk, and chicken sandwiches, hot coffee or cold beer out on the water, relaxing and bringing in our fish and a few laughs were what really did the trick, I'm sure. What better therapy . . . a day's fishing and everything that it consists of. You just get away from it all . . . you get away from yourself and out of yourself. The senses guide you the day long. Bait up, hook and land fish, remove fish from hook, repeat procedure. You enjoy the whole day's experience. You can't help it.

Well, after over a year of this shared therapy (which I enjoyed, too), the difference in Alec was obvious. He was now amongst the truly living again, involved with people and things once again. He was calmer now and the bad memories were dimmer now. He began to pick up the pieces of his life once more.

There was little time after that period, as I went into the Army myself shortly thereafter. Alec's life since then has had its share of ups and downs, as all of ours have. However, I think . . . no, I KNOW, that our great sport of fishing was the BIG causative factor in helping bring Alec back to us.

IT IS ESSENTIALLY a short sad tale, yet a totally inspiring tale. Alec (not actual name) grew up in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn. Grades in the public school system were average, then a year at Brooklyn College, when the Korean War came along. Alec was drafted in the summer of 1952 and naturally was shipped right to Korea. For reasons the Army will only ever know, he went as a cook.

Things went reasonably well for a while, . . . but then when the fighting worsened and replacements were needed pronto, Alec was issued an M1 rifle and transferred to an infantry company.

Alec was a rangy guy, blonde, crew-cut hair, 22 years of age, about 5' 10" tall and lean. Though always a moody guy, he still always had a ready smile.

How many fire fights did he fight through? He doesn't remember the number. He does remember the last one, though. His squad was out on a patrol on a black, freezing night, when they were caught in an enemy ambush

of machine guns and mortars, either North Korean or Chinese. When the smoke cleared, all the men in the patrol, all of Alec's buddies, were dead. Alec was the sole survivor of the slaughter.

He spent 8 months in a hospital in Japan, recovering from the bullet and shrapnel wounds and also from the wounds in his mind, from having his friends chewed up and slaughtered all around him, and him only getting out alive. He still has three pieces of steel in his body today.

When he finally came home, he still limped badly, but the more serious permanent damage was to Alec's mind and nerves. He was nervous as a cat. He was still in a mental hell of shock and imagined guilt. He'd received a lot of psychiatric counseling and psychological therapy in that hospital in Japan to get that terrible last patrol out of his mind and gut, that all-pervading sense of guilt at being alive.

His eyes twitched, he stuttered, memory faltered, his hands trembled. Though he was a few years older than



COMMENTS FROM RHODE ISLAND

Dear Sir:

The undersigned has meant for some time to write this letter to bring a couple of things to your attention. I will enclose a clipping from the Providence Bulletin that you may get some mileage out of. I should have sent it to you before that meeting in Riverdale Dec. 9, but the fishing was still taking up all my time. The mackerel were giving us some fun at Weekapaug and Watch Hill. That bit of info brings me to another point.

By reading your article in No. 47, 1972, I have to assume that I was one of the Rhode Island sharps because at the time you mention - August - I was taking bass quite consistently; the score being 27 for the month of August, all legal fish and at least one over 9 pounds. True this was at a time when many were screaming NO FISH. It only proves what I have said quite a few times. Quote: you cannot catch fish with your hands in your pockets.

There is another thing that I feel should be mentioned. In the same article you call the favorite baitfish of the bluefish, Porgies! This is incorrect. A Porgie is a Scup. The actual baitfish is a Pogie, which is also called Menhaden, or Bonefish, or Mossbunker. A Rhode Island native would never make a mistake like this, even a pretty one like the one that keeps you on your toes. I think her name is Martha.

Seems to me that something should be done to curb the trap fishermen from taking undersized fish by the ton. If they were required to use a larger mesh on their leaders during the migratory seasons of spring and fall, it might help. The sure way would be to take out the leaders at these times. The effort which was put into planting bass-roe in Narragansett Bay is wasted, if the traps are allowed to operate the way they have been. The group that was doing this planting, was associated with Bob Pond as I remember. Maybe a little publicity in L.I.F. might help.

SHORE



LINES

After your article about the West Wall (last spring) we had an influx of New Yorkers there the next weekend. That weekend there wasn't any fish there. If there had been - Wow - we would have been swamped later. We did better though on blues at Charlestown, Quonochontaug, East Beach, and Weekapaug Breachway.

Hoping to see both you and Martha on the Wall in June, 1973.

Ted Wells

East Matunuck, R.I.

Ted Wells, my Rhody surf-patriarch: you are writing 'Dear Sir' to me with tongue in cheek - I hope.

That article of mine in No. 47, 1972 (Rhody Review) mentioned "very Narragansett Town local sharps." But Ted, your range is from the Newport Bridge on Jamestown Island, all the way to Watch Hill and Napatree near Connecticut and including Narragansett and all the other spots in between. That's a bit more territory than just the Narragansett Pier area. I figured you for catching fish, even in August, somewhere in all this territory; but when I found that the POGIES (menhaden) were missing, I didn't try looking for you along Narragansett and I didn't try fishing for schoolies there (having had my fill of schoolies down here).

In screaming NO FISH this August along the Hazard Avenue area of Narragansett, I meant only, No big blues. Not for shore casters. Not like previous years.

POGIES. Throughout my write-up I had typed just that (even quoting Staff Carroll) POGIES. But the printing-staff apparently assumed that I was misspelling porgies; a confusion perhaps based on that down here menhaden are called mossbunker, but never "PORGIES" (while porgies down here are seldom called scup).

Call them 'stogies': the stinking menhaden were not along Narragansett much this year; and RHODE ISLAND NETTERS boat-

ed right into Long Island's north shore in the early fall to clean out our north coves of the bunker!

Ted, your suggestion re the traps is excellent; and I agree wholeheartedly. (Any comments from anyone else? Here on Long Island maybe?)

Hopefully, Martha and I can see you up there before June of '73; and please write MORE to L.I.F. before that. There are a lot of things going on that you know about, and which does not come to the attention of sportfishermen. Lend us more of your long experience, your observations, and your suggestions. (Some guys down here do NOT believe all the shore-catching of 14-pound POLLACK, until recently, when the mid-depth netting by the commercials started finishing this fish offshore. What do you think about that?)

But just one last, more pleasant thing I would like to ask, Ted. Those 27 schoolies in August: where, when, and how exactly (heh-heh) did you catch them?

Vince

CLUB NEWS

At the last meeting of United Mobile Sportfishermen, Inc. (UMS) annual elections were held. The following are the officers for 1973:

President, Tom Arnold (MSC) (RIMS), 40 Broadbrook Rd., Enfield, Conn. 06082; Ex. Vice President, Leroy Griffith (MSC), 25 Treat Rd., Wethersfield, Conn. 06109; Vice President, Neal Krauss (NJBBBA), 304 Huxley Dr., Bricktown, N.J. 08723; Secretary, Agnes E. Smith (RIMS), Hemlock Rd., Lake Basile, Box 238, Granby, Conn. 06035; Treasurer, Jack Skolnick (GSBMS), 21 Rugby Dr., Shirley, N.Y. 11967.

MSC: Mobile Sportfishermen of Conn. RIMS: Rhode Island Sportfishermen, Inc. NJBBBA: New Jersey Beach Buggy Assoc. GSBMS: Great South Beach Mobile Sportfishermen.

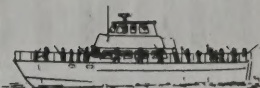
Next meeting of UMS will be held in New Jersey, hosted by NJBBBA, March 3rd.

MSC has entered a Sportsmen Show at the Hartford Armory, Jan. 18-21st, 1973. MSC and RIMS are jointly doing a Christmas Tree Project on East Beach, Rhode Island the 4 weekends of January.

GSMBS and LIBBA are also doing tree projects on their beaches in New York at the same time. NJBBBA will be doing New Jersey beaches.



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CAPTREE

Capt. George Tweedy, skipper of the Capt. Scotty," reported they had a pretty good week codfishing. On Sunday, while fishing at the Whistler Buoy, anglers landed cod up to 25 lbs. Due to the weather they didn't stay as long as they would have liked to, but everyone had their share of fish. The Capt. Scotty will sail all winter.

FREEPORT

Capt. Richie Kessinger, skipper of Capt. Jack's "Star Stream," has been fishing the Jones-Gilgo Beach area for cod. While there approximately 15 to 20 fish up to 15 lbs. were taken. Capt. Kessinger mentioned that due to the weather they did not stay as long as they normally would have.

MONTAUK

Capt. Paul Forsberg, skipper of the "Viking Star," reported very good cod fishing at the Cartwright Grounds. Anglers had between 300 and 600 fish up to 9 lbs. Some pollack up to 15 lbs. were mixed in also. They also had blackfish up to 10 lbs. Capt. Forsberg said that everyone was happy with their catch.

SANDY HOOK

Capt. Bunting of the "Sea Horse" said that Ambrose Tower is producing ling and whiting. These fish run from 1 to 4 lbs. and the fishing is pretty good. The best bait right now is strip herring and clam. The draggers are working by the Mud Hole and they are doing very well.

SHARK RIVER

Capt. Shinn of the "Miss Belmar" didn't go out, however, he told us of the boat "Capt. Joe" from his area. The Capt. Joe had very good luck with the whiting and cod in the area north of the Farms.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY

Mike's Tackle Shop reported that when the boats can get out to drift they do much better than when anchored. Wednesday was one of the better days around Ambrose Tower. Some cod of from 12 to 15 lbs. were taken and also a good catch of whiting. The whiting, as Mike calls them, are baseball bats; some go to 3 lbs.



Howard Biel caught this 42 lb. codfish while fishing aboard Montauk's "Peconic Queen."

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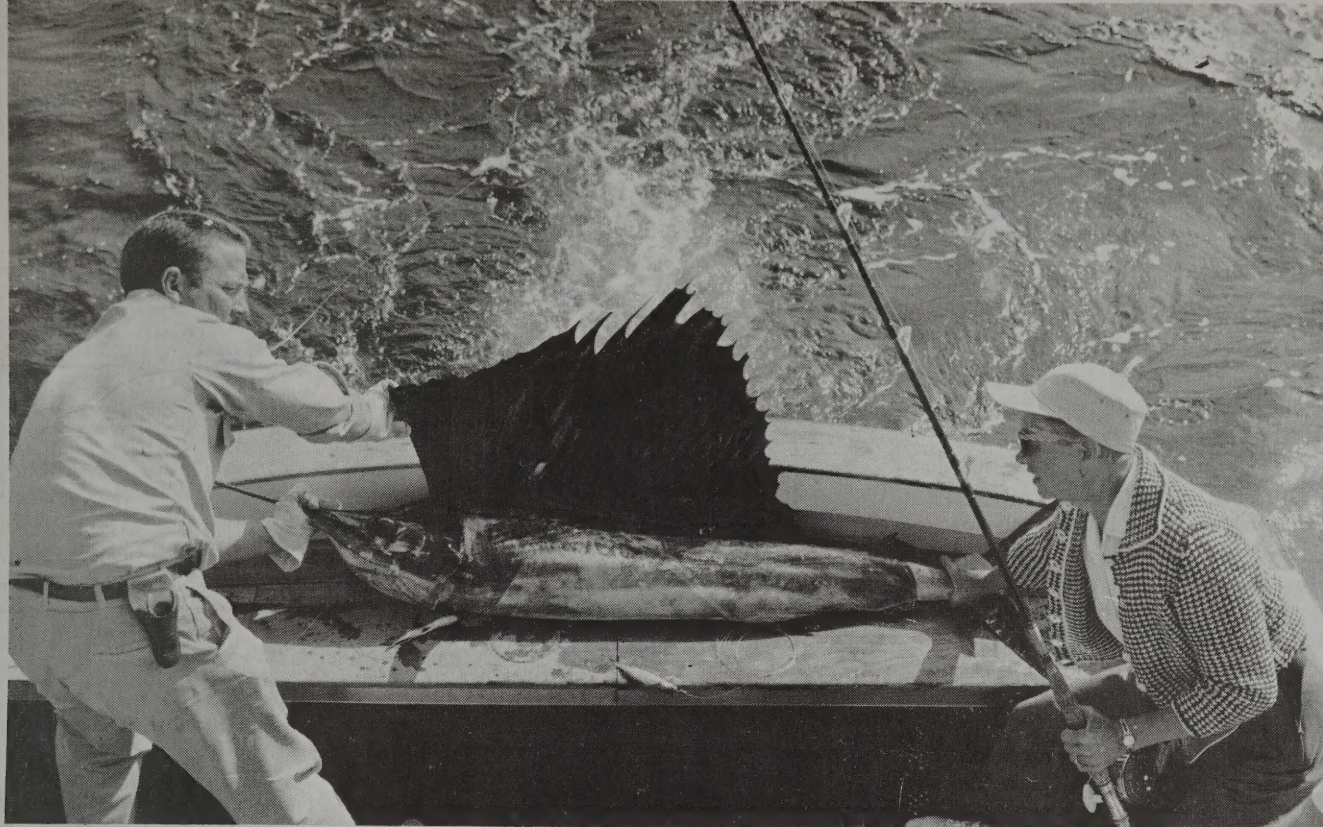
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The winter months are a good time to catch a sailfish like this on the East coast from Fort Pierce to the Florida Keys.

Florida's Salt Water Fishing

by VLAD EVANOFF

FLORIDA is a fairly big state surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean, Straits of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico. All in all it adds up to more than 9,000 miles of tidal coastline. And there are several hundred different species of salt water fishes you can catch. So the Sunshine State is truly a fisherman's paradise.

But because there are so many waters you can fish and so many different kinds of fish you can catch, a first-time angler trying his luck in Florida is apt to be somewhat confused or bewildered. So perhaps a rundown of the best salt water fishing areas and spots and the fish you can catch there will prove helpful to such tourist anglers. Or if you have been to Florida before you may want to try some new spots.

Many anglers hear of the great sailfishing in Florida during the winter months and wonder where they can catch these fish. Well, the best sailfish sector at this time of year is the stretch from Fort Pierce to the Florida Keys along the East coast. And to pin-point a spot you can't choose a better area than the waters just north and south

of Stuart. Here you only have to go out a few miles to run into sailfish and even outboard anglers can get a crack at them when the water isn't too rough.

There are also charter boats for hire at Fort Pierce, Stuart and Salerno, Jupiter, Riviera Beach, Palm Beach, Pompano Beach, Fort Lauderdale, Miami and many fishing resorts along the Florida Keys. Offshore fishermen along this same stretch will hook occasional white marlin, and dolphin, bonito, wahoo, blackfin tuna, and sharks.

Florida's East coast also has good bottom fishing and here many so-called "drift" boats (party boats) leave from the cities and ports mentioned above. They get king mackerel, amberjack, grouper, snappers, grunt, yellowtail and similar species. You can do the same fishing from your own boat on calm days on the inshore reefs. There are many boat launching ramps near the inlets or along the Intracoastal Waterway where you can launch your own boat.

Or if you like pier fishing, you'll find many good piers along the East coast where you can do such fishing.

You can bring your own tackle or rent it and buy bait, lures or rigs on most such piers. You're apt to catch bluefish, sea trout, blue runners, Spanish mackerel, snook, jacks, snappers and varied bottom species from these piers.

If you head down to the Florida Keys you can go offshore to the blue water to troll for sailfish, dolphin, wahoo, bonito or fish closer inshore reefs and lighthouses for barracuda, amberjack, king mackerel, yellowtail, groupers, snappers and other reef fishes. Still closer inshore, on the flats, you can try for the famed bonefish, although the winter months aren't the best time for them since it may be too windy or cold for their liking. Other fish caught on the flats include permit, small barracuda, and sharks.

From the Keys bridges you can catch snook, sea trout, snappers, grouper, grunt and various other species. Some tarpon are also caught in the Florida Keys during the winter months but this fishing is better later on toward spring.

Heading across Florida Bay from the Keys toward the southern tip of the

Florida mainland you get to the Everglades National Park. The main jumping off spot here is Flamingo where there is a modern motel, restaurant, cottages, launching ramp, camping site and where you can buy supplies. From here you can head in many directions to fish the wild Everglades area with its numerous mangrove islands, creeks, channels, bays and oyster bars. A guide is almost a must for the newcomer here and you can hire a boat and guide to take you out fishing. You can also rent a boat or launch your own, but care should be taken not to venture too deeply into the Everglades on your own. You can catch snook, redfish (small channel bass), sea trout, ladyfish, sheepshead, mangrove snappers and other fish in these waters. There are also some tarpon present here during the winter months but they are not easy to catch.

Going north along Florida's West coast you'll come to Marco Island, another good gateway to the Everglades and Ten Thousand Islands area. This area is being developed rapidly but there is still a lot of wilderness which can be fished for many of the same species mentioned above for the Flamingo area. One of the top lures to use in the Everglades for the various fish is a white or yellow bucktail jig with half a shrimp added to the hook.

You can move north along the Gulf of Mexico towards Naples, Fort Meyers, Cape Coral, Boca Grande, Punta Gorda, Sarasota, St. Petersburg and Tampa and fish from boats, shore piers and bridges for various Florida species.



FLORIDA NEWS BUREAU PHOTO

Grouper like this one and bigger sizes too are often caught both inshore and offshore in Florida waters.

Speaking of bridges, Florida is the foremost section of the country for such fishing with many bridges which can be fished all over the state. Some of the bridges have special catwalks built along the sides where anglers can fish in comfort and safety and don't have to worry about traffic. Other bridges have wide sidewalks where you can also fish in safety. When there is a good run of fish you'll often see such bridges lined with anglers day or night busy hauling in fish.

You can also do some surf fishing

in Florida and the best spots for such fishing are on Hutchinson Island, especially at Jensen Beach and along Jupiter Island. Here during the winter months you'll usually catch bluefish, pompano, Spanish mackerel, jacks and small channel bass.

Of course, there are many other spots you can fish from boats, bridges, piers, shore or surf not mentioned here, but the ones dealt with are the most consistently producing areas during the winter months.



FLORIDA NEWS BUREAU PHOTO

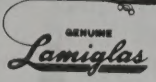
The Ten Thousand Islands and Everglades region of Florida offers good fishing for the light tackle angler during the winter months.

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Continued from Page 6

to score with the kingfish, I felt a bit left out, but not for long. A weed line, including various bits of flotsam, began to drift through the angler's lines aboard our anchored craft. Curses from some at this annoyance were soon to be heard, but my spirits rose. Weeds and floating objects attract dolphin, and today was no exception. Swift shapes were soon seen darting to and fro amidst the chum particles in the clear blue water astern.

I rapidly retrieved my bait to get it in range, when with a sudden jolt I was into a fish. The little 7 pound dolphin flailed the water to froth in a series of energetic leaps, but the battle was a short one, and he was soon in the boat. Baiting up as fast as I could, I cast out again, and once more retrieved rapidly (it worked once, didn't it?). Swift as an arrow, a large form appeared behind my speeding bally-hoo; this was a big dolphin indeed. He grabbed the bait in a trice, and continued toward the stern of the boat, heading right at me.

"Will you look at that!" exclaimed the angler to my left, as the dolphin veered away from the boat in plain view of everyone at the stern. The

slack came out of my line as the fish sped away, and line poured through the guides to the strident buzz of the drag. Leap followed spectacular leap, and the dolphin took me on two trips around the boat before I could bring her to gaff, 45 minutes after the start of the battle. The 23 pound female (males may be distinguished by their high foreheads) came aboard, and I marvelled at her beauty, all sky blue and gold. The colors fade to a nondescript green after death, but to the surprise of many, the dolphin is an excellent eating fish, ranked with pompano.

As the boat docked, and the day's catch was put up for display on the nail-board (to the delight of non-fishing curiosity seekers and camera buffs there assembled), I reflected on the amazing action available to the visiting Yankee on a budget (\$10 is the fare on most open boats here). While hungry pelicans stared balefully at anglers cleaning their catch, waiting for the inevitable hand-out, those magic names: Marathon and Islamorada, the chief ports in the Keys, seemed to hang in the air to tempt the vacation bound Long Islander.

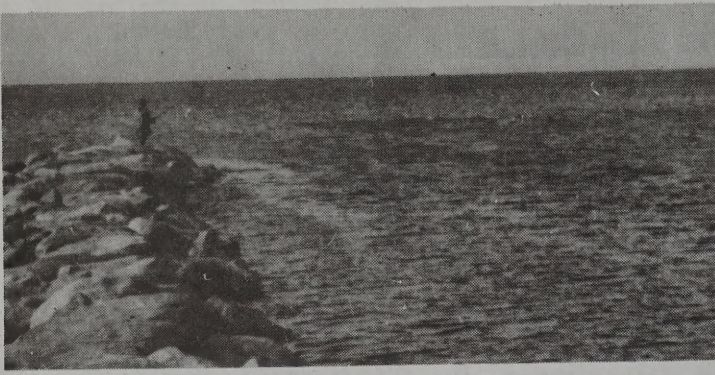


EDUCATION COURSE

United States Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 12-2 is offering the 12 lesson course entitled **BOATING SAFETY & SEAMANSHIP** to be given at the Sousa Junior High School in Port Washington, N.Y. The course will be given on Wednesday evening, starting January 31, 1973 at 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M.

With more and more leisure time becoming available to the American people, the field of recreational boating has been growing rapidly. It is expected that this rapid growth will continue. Many of the boatmen who take to the waterways will be inexperienced, and the Coast Guard Auxiliary has recognized that this is a national problem. Each year many people are needlessly killed or injured on the waters. Many of these accidents could have been prevented by knowledge on the part of the boatman in the basics of seamanship and safety.

The subjects covered in this course will enable the boatman to become more proficient in boating, thereby broadening his boating knowledge and enhancing the pleasure which he and his family will gain from using the waterways.



PAGES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A JETTY JOCKEY:

by FRANK BERRAFATO

IT WAS A BLEAK, windy Saturday morning in early June as I drove over the Atlantic Beach Bridge, catching a glimpse of Henning's Fishing Station as I reached the area known as Atlantic Beach. Almost simultaneously, I was confronted by a series of cabanas, signifying private property, but an unattended gate provided an entranceway into one of the richest fishing spots on Long Island's south shore, and also, a short distance from New York City. On the other side of the gate, several young fellows were working on the beach - - combing the sand with rakes, gathering bits of driftwood into neat piles, and putting fresh coats of paint on some of the cabanas. The jetties, which resemble fingers stretching from the sand into the ocean, have provided favorite hunting grounds for scores of veteran surfmen in the past, who search for species ranging from the illustrious striped bass to the dimiuitive kingfish.

A jetty is an interesting structure. Some jetties are richer than others, and therefore more favorable living quarters for different species of fish. I always like to examine jetties at low tide, since exposed areas usually reveal tell-tale signs. On a previous trip to this particular jetty, a receding tide created small pools of water, entrapping large calico crabs. The back and forth movement of the waves caused dozens of these crabs to be tossed about helplessly, exposing themselves in a tantalizing way to their predators, such as roving striped bass. Mussels, barnacles, and other forms of parasitic shelled life adhered to the nearby rocks. Small fiddler crabs were scurrying helplessly among the rocks. These clues indicated that the jetty would provide a natural habitat for blackfish when the water level became higher. A short distance from the jetty the bottom was clean, hard, and sandy - - always enticing to schools of kingfish. The shell concentration on the beach itself attested to the richness of this particular jetty, and to the general area itself.

After a while one learns which

jetties have the best potential, but it is always best to select a jetty where there is no one else fishing. This will give you the advantage of working the jetty the way you want - - casting on either side, on any angle, and maneuvering your bait or lure without interference. Crowds of fishermen are not always the best indication of the current hot spots: I do not prefer to work more than one jetty on each trip when bottom fishing for blackfish. Pick the spot which you think has the best potential, and stick with it. A shift in the tide or wind can change a slow spot into a hot spot within minutes. But, in the case of blackfish, there is a more definite reason for sticking to one jetty. It concerns the natural feeding habits of blackfish.

When blackfish are feeding, they tend to huddle together, almost shoulder to shoulder in some areas, hovering over a tiny area and picking tasty morsels off the rocks with their front set of teeth. A baited hook only a few feet away will usually be completely ignored. The crab, worm, or clam must be placed directly in front of them. Therefore, a jetty has to be worked methodically, covering all holes and crevices.

On this particular spring trip, I had purchased a small container of green fiddler crabs. Sandworms and clams are also effective blackfish bait. My tackle consisted of a 9 foot heavy spinning rod, medium size Garcia spinning reel, and 20 pound test Stren line. Distance is not essential in this particular type of fishing, but the ability to stop a big blackfish from boring down into the rocks is important. A 3 ounce bass-casting sinker was connected by a weak piece of twine to one eye of a three-way swivel. If the sinker catches in the rocks, it usually breaks off after a good tug, sparing the rest of the rig and valuable line. Bass casting sinkers are also less likely to catch in the rocks since they have the ability to roll around. A number 7 Mustad hook - - long shank, snelled, and needlepoint sharp - - completed my rig.

The tide was half-way up. The rocks were slippery, especially where there were patches of green. I walked out cautiously, not quite to the tip of the jetty. My first cast was straight out towards sea, and I slowly started to work the fiddler crab back to the jetty. I tried to cover as much prime territory as possible. I repeated the process, combing a different piece of ground every time.

Party boats were working an area several hundred yards off the beach. They would drift over a certain spot for a few minutes, and then move on to a different spot. Other boats followed. The men on board appeared to be bundled up, and they huddled together near the railing of the boat. The roar of the motor was clearly audible as the boats left the area one after another, as if in procession.

I continued to work a pattern for three hours without any luck. Then, just as the tide began to change, I felt the electrifying tap of a blackfish - - a tap which quickly gave way to a series of strong tugs, signalling that it was time to set the hook. The hooked fiddler crab had passed down to the second set of teeth - - those which crush the shells for the blackfish and reduce the food down to a form where it can be swallowed and digested. The blackfish headed straight for the rocks, but quick maneuvering brought him to the surface. The fish weighed 3 pounds. Two more fish quickly followed - - all three from the same spot.

It would be misleading to get the impression that every trip to a jetty will yield blackfish. This day was offset by many days without seeing a fish. If you fish jetties, you must have patience - - for blackfish and other species of fish unfortunately do not pave the ocean floor. Patience will reap rewards - for the chance of getting an "electrifying tap" from a blackfish or a smashing strike from a bluefish will bring you back time after time. It is all part of jetty fishing and surfcasting.

Dear Rich,

Just received my issue No. 49 and thought I might extend my feelings highlighted by Bob Fischer in his letter to you. Mr. Fischer is 100% correct in his statement about "striped bass fishermen getting off their fat a - - 's." At the meeting in question it was pointed out there are quite a number of striped fishermen along the Atlantic Seaboard. When I say quite a number, I don't mean 10,000 or so, I mean more like 100,000. Where were the rest? Don't tell me everyone had to work that day?

At the meeting another very important point was brought out, that of the near extermination of the Atlantic salmon. It was pointed out that approximately 13,000 Atlantic salmon fishermen got together and finally got several countries to agree upon measures to protect this fish from being wiped off the face of the earth. Now if 13,000 fishermen can get together and influence several countries, imagine if 130,000 striped fishermen got together as one force. We're not fighting a country, we're fighting a company and I think it's high time that "industrial giants" are shown they can no longer do as they please" with a natural resource which belongs to everyone.

I think the idea of a "Trust" is very good. Imagine if every striped fisherman donated only \$1.00; that would be a great start. I personally feel it's worth at least \$10.00 to me (the cost of five 7-inch Rebels).

Please note that commercial bass fishermen have not been excluded - their money is as good as a sport fisherman's. As a matter of fact, they should even be more interested - unless they have another job lined up. So how about it Perry; how much are you going to donate?

Yours truly,
Joe Geringer
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

In the December 28th issue, a Mr. James Corso of Parsippany, N.J. asked about Petty's Bight and Mulford Point.

Having fished the waters of Sag Harbor and eastward for many years, I might be able to help him if he cares to correspond with me.

Yours truly,
Sam Francesconi
14 Phelps Avenue
Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

FIGHT OFF-SHORE DRILLING SAVE OUR BAYS

Excerpts from "Oil Pollution Incident Platform Charlie, Main Pass Block 41 Field, Louisiana." Issued by the Environmental Protection Agency, Water Quality Office (Water Pollution Control Research Series (15080 FTU 05/71))

Page 1: For roughly eight weeks (Feb. 10 to March 31, 1970) wells on the Chevron Oil Co. platform Charlie in the Main Pass Oil Field (MP 41C) were out of control, spewing crude oil and natural gas into the air from the platform level.

Page 3: The platform was completely automated (unmanned).

Page 4: Serious oil pollution started several days before the fire was extinguished when large quantities of water were played on the fire to cool the platform. Pollution continued until March 31st, when the last wild well was brought under control.

Page 5: It is not known how much oil was effectively dispersed by chemicals at the platform and put into the water column, nor what the ultimate destination or fate of this emulsion was.

Page 5: The best of the mechanical containment and skimmer devices used are generally considered to have been quite effective in 1-2 foot seas, 50% effective in 3-4 foot seas, and essentially useless in anything rougher.

Page 6: The mobilization effort dramatized the lack of available standby oil pollution equipment capable of coping with a large disaster.

Page 7: What is still to be determined, however, are the possible long-term ecological effects of acute exposure to the polluting oil and chemical residues in the area.

Page 19: Spills varying in size from a few gallons to many barrels are endemic to the Gulf of Mexico.

Page 19: Oil appears on the Gulf waters from numerous other operations connected with the drilling operation of the wells. U.S. Coast Guard reconnaissance flights report 3 to 7 pollution incidents every week, and many of these are identified with the company or individual responsible. However, the cause of each incident is not generally documented and action to prevent a recurrence is not often taken.

Page 68: Chemically dispersed oil has been shown to be much more toxic to selected organisms than either the oil or the chemical dispersant.

WESTBURY HIGH SCHOOL Continuing Adult Education Fall Outboard Motor Repair Course

The Spring semester Outboard Course will start the evening of January 24th; There are two separate classes again: the first session goes from 6:00 to 8:00 and the second session from 8:00 to 10:00 P.M. Registration starts the 8, 9 and 10th of January, and also the 16th and 17th between 7:00 and 10:00 P.M. in the High School Lobby, Jericho Turnpike & Post Rd., Westbury, New York.

This is a real opportunity for the guys to get their motors in shape for the spring fishing. Interested parties can also register the evening of the first class, the 24th of January.

For further information, call John Hotchkiss at (516) 334-8800.

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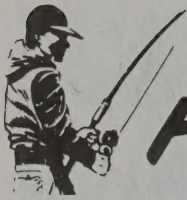
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Continued from Page 8

any other road - but will instead bring in new traffic; learn about who benefits directly from a bridge construction plan - and who would be denied services to pay the bill; find out how the bridge will hurt the needed development of ecologically sound mass transportation into New York City; read it and gird for action!

FIRST FIGHT FOR YOU!

The MTA (Metropolitan Transportation Authority) and the NYDOT (New York State Dept. of Transportation) will hold corridor public hearings on the proposed bridge and approach highway in the main auditorium of C.W. Post College, Long Island University, North Hempstead Turnpike (Rte. 25A), Brookville, Long Island, N.Y. on JANUARY 15, 1973. The hearing will be continued in the Westchester County Center, Central Park Avenue (Route 119), White Plains, N.Y. on January 17, 1973. Daytime sessions at both locations will be at 10 AM and evening sessions at 7 PM.

If you can't come, at least write!

If you are upset by all of these issues (Con Ed, the AEC, Shoreham Nuke, oil refineries coming, drilling coming, offshore dumping of sewage and sludge, etc.) perhaps you will realize that this Island is under siege! You can't just fish and forget any more, brothers. That was the luxury of another age. If you want anything at all left to your sons and daughters, prepare for a long fight on many fronts.



SQUADRON ANGLERS OFFERING TWO GAME-FISHING COURSES

To answer demands for its popular annual game-fishing course, the Squadron Anglers of Seaford will sponsor two (2) courses in January, one at Seaford Senior High School, Seamans Nech Road, starting Wednesday, January 17, and a second at S.H. Calhoun High School, State St., North Merrick, starting Tuesday, January 30. The courses will run for eight

weeks from 8 to 10 p.m., Tuesdays or Wednesdays as stated. The fee will be \$10.00.

Engaged as lecturers are some expert fishermen from the area such as Lou Stalker, charter boat captain, Dick Merman, well-known field tester for the Shakespeare Co., and Frank DeGaetano, tackle shop proprietor and acknowledged striper expert on L.I. The club has also drawn from its own roster of experts, and president Jack Carroll of Massapequa will talk bluefish, V-P Bill McFarland will give the secrets of tuna fishing, while Bill Fisher of Wantagh will discuss shark fishing.

The course will also include lectures on knots, rigs and local "spots." Women are invited.

Don't be a
Water-Litterbug!



John Rosado holds a 22 lb. codfish which he caught on a Captree (unnamed) boat.



Joe Matchekosky and his son Peter pose with 30 whiting and 4 ling caught on January 3, 1973. They fished aboard "The Atomic" out of Sheepshead Bay. The good fishing took place off the Ambrose Tower.

TIDES: SOUTH SHORE SANDY HOOK STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		12:19
Fri.	12:54	1:18
Sat.	1:54	2:23
Sun.	3:01	3:36
Mon.	4:11	4:47
Tues.	5:15	5:48
Wed.	6:10	6:41
Thur.	7:01	7:31

	H.	M.
MANASQUAN	-0	12
STATEN ISLAND	+0	07
ROCKAWAY INLET	0	00
Bergen Beach	+0	29
J.F.K. Airport	+0	26
EAST ROCKAWAY INLET	-0	06
Long Beach Bridge	+0	19
JONES INLET	-0	19
Loop Pkwy. Bridge	+0	25
Zach's Bay	+1	25
Olgo Island	+2	25
Seaford Harbor	+2	05
FIRE ISLAND INLET	-0	38
West Great South Bay	+2	10
Heekcher State Park	+3	20
East Great South Bay	+3	44
MORICHES INLET	-0	56
Smiths Point	+3	28
Harts Cove	+1	30
Potauk Point	+3	35
SHINNECOCK INLET	-0	50
East Quogue	+2	45
Shinnecock Canal	+1	18
Indian Reservation	+3	05

TIDES: L.I. SOUND WILLETTS POINT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	3:14	3:38
Sat.	4:09	4:35
Sun.	5:08	5:44
Mon.	6:16	7:02
Tues.	7:29	8:28
Wed.	8:47	9:39
Thur.	9:51	10:37
	10:48	11:26

	H.	M.
Little Neck Bay	-0	10
Execution Light	-0	06
Manhasset Bay	-0	01
Hempstead Harbor	-0	11
City Island	-0	03
Rye Beach	-0	28

TIDES: L.I. SOUND BRIDGEPORT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	3:35	3:58
Sat.	4:28	5:00
Sun.	5:29	6:05
Mon.	6:34	7:11
Tues.	7:35	8:14
Wed.	8:36	9:12
Thur.	9:33	10:07
	10:27	10:58

	H.	M.
Lloyd Point	+0	08
Cold Spring Harbor	+0	08
Bayville Bridge	+0	13
Eatons Neck Point	+0	03
Northport Bay	+0	03
Norwalk Islands	+0	10
Smithtown Bay	-0	03
Cranes Neck Point	+0	05
Port Jeff Harbor	+0	03
New Haven Harbor	-0	08
Mount Sinai Harbor	+0	08
Herod Point	-0	07
Mattituck Inlet	+0	19
Horton Point	-0	20
Truman Beach	-0	42

TIDES: B.I. SOUND NEW LONDON STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	1:40	1:59
Fri.	2:35	3:02
Sat.	3:38	4:09
Sun.	4:38	5:15
Mon.	5:39	6:17
Tues.	6:37	7:15
Wed.	7:32	8:06
Thur.	8:25	8:59

	H.	M.
Orient Point	+0	27
Connecticut River	+1	10
Little Gull Island (Race)	+0	12
Greenport	+1	04
Southold	+1	43
New Suffolk	+2	26
South Jamesport	+2	32
Shinnecock Canal	+2	33
Noyack Bay	+2	05
Sag Harbor	+0	59
Gardiners Bay	+0	21
Promised Land (Napeague)	-0	14
Fort Pond Bay	-0	29
Montauk Inlet	-0	25
Montauk Point	-1	13

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